

Shall I ? Shall I ? No, No.

A wanton Lad and comely Lass | Tho she seem'd coy her heart he won
did once together meet; | with Compliments most sweet.

That I had never known

Tune of, The Wanting Virgin.



Pretty Betty now come to me,
thou shalt see my heart on fire,
Thy denial will undo me,
grant me then what I desire:
Prithee say me, don't deny me
let it prove my overthrow,
Never dally, shall I ? shall I ?
Still she answered, no, no, no.

In the fields they went a walking,
he this while his heartily court,
But the subject of his talking
was till to Venus sport:
He perswaded, she deny'd it,
and would not be deceived;
Come let's dally, shall I ? shall I ?
but she answered No no no.

He knew'd on her sweet kisses,
hoping thereby to obtain
And to taste true Love's bliss,
Which he long time sought in vain
With sighs, tears, & toils, & weary pains,
he wrote the simple words to her
Come let's dally, shall I ? shall I ?
Still she answered No no no.

To the Tavern then he took her,
seeking her with costly wine;
In the hour when often he
imagined that she should be
And tell the truth it was
I would not have you know
Come let's dally, shall I ? shall I ?
but she answered No no no.

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Still she answered No no no.

To the Tavern then he took her,
tasting her with costly wine;
In the hour when often love
is making that the heart is kind,
She told the truth it was in vain
I would not have you know
Come let's dally, shall I ? shall I ?
but she answered No no no.



Which fair Mistress he did intert her
 to him for to condescend;
 As his passion waxed greater
 he her Beauty did commend:
 She denied it and w^od it,
 saying it should ne'r be so:
 Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?
 but she answered No no no.

Thus he spent his time in wooing
 but found no encouragement,
 His fingers itch'd for to be doing,
 and he perceived his income;
 He still at royal gate denyd,
 but Waldens often times to so:
 Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?
 but she answered No no no.

He continued still to wooe her,
 but she made him this Reply:
 That his aim was to undo her,
 and would know his reason why:
 He protested that she felted,
 his design was nothing so:
 Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?
 but she answered No no no.

But on hopes the Youngster builded,
 hoping she at last would yield;
 And at length the Damsel yielded,
 with his Charms he won the field:
 In the shade down her he layed,
 he himself lay smiling by;
 Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?
 then she answered Ay, ay, ay.

Then they fell to sweet embraces,
 Others you know what I mean,
 So close did join their blushing faces
 you could not put a straw between,
 In amorous chains there he remains
 till he for breath did panting lye;
 Come let's dally, shall I? shall I?
 then she answered Ay ay ay.

She who stoutly first deny'd him,
 by his Compliments was won;
 And she woe when she had try'd him
 that the job was neatly done.
 Waite hence, and have a care
 of flattering youth, who oft do try,
 And will dally Shall I? shall I?
 till you cry out Ay ay ay.